

Robe Ranch
Star Route
Granite Falls, Wn
Aug. 7, 1944

Dear Nannie

Your stationary is gorgeous, but I am shocked to hear that you are, or were in the hospital, but hope you will be feeling all the better for the rest - and ready for the rugged life of the West. Come soon and we will get together.

I arrived in Seattle July 27, 6 PM. after a three hour incredibly hot stop over in Portland and a sweltering ride the rest of the way. Stayed overnight in the very pleasant apartment (filled with Chinese objects d'art) of Arthur Lovelers. Spent Friday morning in the Museum examining the treasures in the basement and sub-basement. That evening with one of the Museum staff took bus to Everett changed to Granite Falls 20+ miles farther on. There waited while my escort hitch hiked 2 miles walked 6, to the Ranch to get a car to fetch me.

The weather was ideal for the first few days and we did the sights, swam in the illogically warm river, and I gradually adapted myself to the routine - communal living, centering around Margaret Callahan, wife of the Museum Director. I have a little cabin with Richard Bennett, but he works in another cabin farther off in the woods. It is not as alpine as I expected it to be (2000 ft) but we look out on a large wooded valley with Mt Pilchuck rising directly the other side of a

boulderous river. The weather did not continue its good behavior, many more days than not have been dark and drizzly. Now we haven't seen the sun for six days. I've been stalling and have an idea to do a book with no idea at all, but the so-called Summer season may be too short even for that.

Just rec. a letter from James Cousins dated April 24. Telling of Grettas 8 month illness after a cerebral hemorrhage and then a fall which injured the hip on the side which was not paralyzed. They are now at 3 Miller Road Bangalore (Mysore State).

Edmund is still at Fort Knox, went to U. Y. on a week furlough June 10th and seems to be fixed in a routine with classes (French & Negro) and as Company Clerk for some months to come. The War Bond must have been from him. His name is now Tolk, which doesn't seem to me to be an improvement.

I got my fortune from the bank but somehow can't get myself into the mood for riotous living. What shall I do with it? No more news or plans about the U. Y. "Art" show.

Did a package of my pictures - sent Express from El Monte July 26, arrive?

I have not yet announced my arrival in these parts either in Tacoma or Seattle. It is still a dead secret - not that anyone gives a damn. Glad to hear that Stan is taking it easier. It will still be a good war.

Loads of good health to yourself

Love
Tom